The title (reuerently might I inferre)
Became the Kings that earſt haue borne the load,
The ſlauiſh weight of that controlling Prieſt:
Who at his pleaſure tempered them like waxe
To carry armes on danger of his curſe,
Banding their ſoules with warrants of his hand.
I grieue to thinke how Kings in ages paſt
(Simply deuoted to the Sea of Rome)
Haue run into a thouſand acts of ſhame.
But now for confirmation of our State,
Sith we haue proind the more then neeedfull braunch
That did oppreſſe the true well growing ſtocke,
It reſteth we throughout our territories
Be reproclaimed and inueſted King.

Pemb. My Liege, that were to buſie men with doubts,
Once were you crown'd proclaim'd, and with applauſe
Your Citie ſtreetes haue ecchoed to the eare,
God ſaue the King, God ſaue our Soueraigne *Iohn.*
Pardon my feare, my cenſure doth inferre,
Your Highneſſe not depos'd from Regall State,
Would breed a mutinie in peoples mindes,
What it ſhould meane to haue you crownd againe.

Iohn. Pembrooke, performe what I haue bid thee doe,
Thou knowſt not what inducteth me to this,
Eſſex goe in and Lordings all be gone
About this taske, I will be crownd anon.

Enter the Baſtard.

Iohn. What newes, how doe the Abbots cheſts?
Are Friers fatter then the Nunnes are faire?
What cheere with Church-men, had they gold or no?
Tell me how hath thy office tooke effect?

Phil. My Lord, I haue perform'd your Highnes charge,
The eaſe-bred Abbots and the bare-foote Friers,
The Monks, the Priors, and holy cloyſtred Nunnes,
Are all in health, and were my Lord in wealth,
Till I had tythd and told their holy hoords.

I doubt not when your Highneſſe ſees my priz
You may proportion all their former pride.

Iohn, Why ſo, now ſorts it *Philip* as it ſhoul
This ſmall intruſion into Abbey trunkes,
Will make the Popelings excommunicate,
Curſe, ban, and breath out damned oriſons,
As thicke as haile-ſtones for the Springs appro
But yet as ſharmeleſſe and without effect,
As is the eccho of a Canons cracke
Diſchargde againſt the battlements of heauen.
But what newes elſe befell there *Philip*?

Baſt. Strange newes my Lord: within your
Neere *Pomfret* is a Prophet new ſprung vp,
Whoſe diuination volleis wonders foorth:
To him the Commons throng with Country g
He ſets a date vnto the Beldames death,
Preſcribes how long the Virgins death ſhall laſ
Diſtinguiſheth the mouing of the heauens,
Giues limits vnto holy nuptiall rites,
Foretelleth famine, aboundeth plenty forth:
Of fate, of fortune, life and death he chats,
With ſuch aſſurance, ſcruples put apart,
As if he knew the certaine doomes of heauen,
Or kept a Regiſter of all the deſtines

Ioh. Thou telſt me maruels, would thou ha
the man,
We might haue queſtiond him of things to co
Baſt. My Lord, I tooke a care of had-I-wiſt
And brought the Prophet with me to the Cou
He ſtaies my Lord but at the Preſence doore:
Pleaſeth your Highneſſe, I will call him in.

Iohn. Nay ſtay awhile we e'l haue him here
A thing of weight is firſt to be performd.

Enter the Nobles and crowne King Iohn, *and*
God ſaue the King.

Iohn, Lordings and friends ſupporters of o